THE
NATION

DECEMBER 26, 1959 . . 25c

ETHICAL DRUGS and MEDICAL ETHICS

David L. Cowen

DIPLOMAS FOR SALE

Myron Lieberman

Prisoners: a Self-Portrait

by David Cort

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LETTERS

TV Post Mortem

Dear Sirs: In the wake of the TV quiz-show investigation, one notes:

¶ The TV probe was practically forced upon the Harris committee by the unauthorized disclosures of its former general counsel, Dr. Bernard Schwartz (*The Professor and the Commissions,* Alfred A. Knopf) during the Sherman Adams-Bernard Goldfine case. Schwartz was fired by the committee.

¶ The results of a year-old New York grand jury probe of the quiz shows have never been made public.

¶ FCC chairman John Doerfer, the man whose sworn duty is to police the networks, had to admit at a hearing a while back, that his business travel expenses have been paid by the TV industry.

¶ Some former officials of one network are being charged with accepting a $750,000 bribe to slant their news reporting in favor of Trujillo.

¶ A singing TV commercial is reputedly worth $250,000 a year to the Coca-Cola people; an assistant professor is worth only $5,500 to Columbia University; and even on the TV screen, he was worth only $50,000 to NBC.

¶ And in general, the disclosures of "payola" in the recording industry, and the expected spread of the Congressional probe into cosmetics, indicates quite clearly that "rigging" and "payola" are widely accepted ways of doing business.

NICHOLAS N. CHERNIAVSKY

Rockford, Ill.

[*For the TV industry's reaction to the investigation and publicity, see page 491—Ed.*]

The Copper Strike

Dear Sirs: More than 35,000 members of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have been striking the copper mines since August 10. A strike of such duration spells unimaginable hardships for workers in any industry. For copper workers, it is well-nigh unbearable. In copper-mine towns, there is nothing else to do but to work in the mines; there is no other industry, almost no businesses, where the wife, a son, a daughter, can eke out a few dollars a week to keep the family going while the striking miner walks the picket line.

So, in the nearly 140 days that the strike has been on, the union has exhausted its treasury and the workers have exhausted the benefits available to them—federal, state and county. And to make matters worse, the union has had to spend huge sums to defend eleven of its leaders against charges by the Department of Justice that they had "conspired" to use "illegally" the facilities of the NLRB.

The workers of the nonferrous mineral industry have been represented by the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers for sixty-six years. Few unions can match it for militancy and square-dealing, and for its contributions to the American labor movement through many historic labor battles. Few unions can match it, either, for its consistently enlightened social policies, including the principle of racial equality.

Now the union is threatened with destruction, and its workers, and their families, with absolute hunger. I believe *Nation* readers will want to help. Send a contribution to the Mine-Mill Defense Fund, 941 East 17th Ave., Denver 18, Colorado.

DAVID JENKINS

Denver, Colo.

'Truths of the Blood'

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, "Sorcery and Flying Saucers," in your November 7 issue, was a knockout. I suggest you follow up with a review of *The Meaning of Death,* just published by McGraw-Hill. Carl Jung contributes the first article, in which he writes of "truths of the blood" (compare with the "thinking-with-the-blood" line used by the Nazis, for whom Jung edited a psychiatric publication for nearly seven years). Despite the fact that Jung has defended Nazi concentration camps, his opinions on death, telepathy, time and space are incorporated in this book. Who will explain why?

GEORGE R. WOODRUFF

New York City

Refugees' Plight

Dear Sirs: One catches a frustrating note in the recent American Friends Service Committee press release about the tragic situation of 250,000 Algerian refugees—half of them children—now living in makeshift hovels in Tunisia and Morocco. "They have not fled from communism," says the release, "and their situation has not been dramatic enough to capture the world's attention. . . ."

Unlike other refugee groups, the Algerians are cared for by no special agency set up for the purpose. The already over-burdened U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees lends his "good offices" to the problem. The League of Red Cross Societies tries to provide a minimum daily ration of 1,600 calories, but even for this minuscule amount, supplies are not always available. The refugees, whose numbers are growing by 7,500 monthly, also need blankets, warm clothing, drugs, soap and school materials. These the Quakers are trying to supply. Contributions of blankets, clothing and funds will be welcomed by the American Friends Service Committee at their headquarters, 20 S. 12th Street, Philadelphia.

M. S. SALCREST

Philadephia, Pa.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Stereotype and Reality

The popular picture of General Eisenhower is that of the professional soldier who happens — atypically — to possess some ingratiating human qualities and who, as a patriotic duty in the hour of the nation's peril, has painfully acquired the necessary know-how to function as President; but a soldier first and foremost, trained at West Point and the Army War College, steeled in combat and generalship in two world wars, and disorbited from the military tradition and discipline only by an even sterner necessity. General Eisenhower himself does nothing to correct this impression; at his press conference he often refers to his military career. The picture is, nevertheless, almost entirely fictional. The General did go to West Point and no doubt his heart still warms to the Academy's football teams. He did wear the uniform for over forty years. But, through no fault of his, he never led troops in combat; in the First World War he was never sent overseas. He achieved distinction as a political general; it was his political acumen and tact which accounted for his success in the almost impossible role of a coalition commander. To his good fortune, he lacks some of the outward qualities of the professional politician — the unction and the rolling periods — but these are superficialities. The essentials, certainly, he has.

They have stood him in good stead on his triumphal tour of half the world, and especially in India. Robert T. Hartmann, chief of the Washington bureau of the Los Angeles *Times*, cabled from New Delhi on December 10 that the President's address to the Indian Parliament was "a mine field of eloquent subtleties delivered by a man of plain and direct speech." Hartmann remarks that the White House speech writers, Malcolm Moos and Kevin McCann, had been working on the address for weeks and it was "a masterpiece delicately attuned to Indian ears." The fact that the speech was ghost-written has nothing to do with the case. Few Presidents —of the United States, at any rate—have been writers. General Eisenhower's forte is neither writing nor speech as such. The art of the ghost writer is to say what his client wants to say better than he could say it by himself, and yet in the verbal style befitting the man. Moos and McCann had no trouble on this score; they have had plenty of experience. In New Delhi, the President and his scribes avoided every pitfall and latched onto every opportunity. Where John Foster Dulles had characterized the Indian neutrality policy as immoral, Mr. Eisenhower referred to India as "a triumph that offsets the world's failures of the past decade." He did not fail to refer to "an alien philosophy backed by great military strength," but neither did he lay hands on the Indians and try to drag them into the Allied camp. Moreover, it was the President's Camp David conversations with Premier Khrushchev which enabled the Indians to move closer to the United States without laying themselves open to the accusation that they have become enemies of the Soviet Union.

Senator Robert A. Taft was quite right when he spoke in his posthumously published memorandum of the Wall Street interests which maneuvered General Eisenhower's nomination for the Presidency. But if Senator Taft were alive today, he might be inclined to add a postscript: the man the interests chose was no mean politician and, under the circumstances of the cold war, the choice of a politician with a military record showed considerable political acumen on the part of the choosers themselves. This was all to the good, since under our system a bad politician is bound to make a bad President. It is a commentary on our mass media, which are always on the lookout for the unsuspected and sensational, that in this instance they missed the plain reality beneath the superficial appearance.

I Repudiate Your Resolution, Buster

"Buster" was Neil E. Wetterman, Americanism chairman of the Hamilton County (Cincinnati) Council of the American Legion, and the man who applied the curiously apt epithet was Stephen M. Young, U.S. Senator from Ohio. In a sense it was a fratricidal quarrel, for Senator Young is himself a member of the American Legion, having served in both World Wars. He was in

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the House of Representatives for eight years before he defeated the long-term Republican incumbent, John W. Bricker, in 1958. The occasion for Buster taking Senator Young to task was the Senator's undertaking a speaking date at a dinner of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, of which Harvey O'Connor is chairman and Corliss Lamont is vice chairman. Since the American Legion claims 2,750,000 members, holders of political office are understandably chary of giving it offense. As everyone knows, also, the Legion has numerous councils, committees and functionaries who take offense easily. In this case Buster and his colleagues tore their garments and sprinkled ashes on their hair because the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee had referred to the E.C.L.C. as a Communist-front organization.

So far, everything had gone according to precedent and, also according to precedent, Senator Young should have contritely canceled his speaking date. Instead, he not only rejected a resolution passed by the Hamilton County Legion Council forbidding him to speak, but also Buster's "pompous, self-righteous, holier-than-thou title of 'Americanism chairman.'" He inquired whether "you self-appointed vigilantes demand that I submit a list of speaking engagements for clearance by your outfit before I, as a Senator of the United States, open my mouth in public?" At the E.C.L.C. dinner, Senator Young continued to voice heresies. He suggested that though the country had recovered somewhat from the era of "McCarthyism," it might take a generation to remove all the "rubbish." He referred to Representative Gordon H. Scherer, a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, as a self-proclaimed superduper America Firster and vigilante." He denounced Communists, Fascists, the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Worst of all, he declared that every American has the right to hold whatever political opinions he chooses — and to express them. If this defiance of the American Legion should prove contagious, the rubbish of the witch hunt may be cleared away faster than Senator Young anticipates.

Petition

Now that the Supreme Court has denied Caryl Chessman's appeal, the case will shortly be back in the lap of Governor Brown of California for final disposition. Last October 17, in these columns, we pointed out that, other considerations aside, to execute Chessman after he has spent ten years in death row and been sentenced to die seven times would constitute an act of bloodthirstiness unusual even for these gory times. But we would like to deal here with the issue that now confronts the Governor. On the one hand, both he and Attorney General Mosk are on record as personally opposed to capital punishment; on the other, the laws of the state call for it, and the state legislature has refused to abolish the death penalty in the face of many demands. Both men, therefore, are in the unhappy position of having to determine the point at which their public duty must prevail over their private convictions.

Under normal circumstances, this represents no dilemma; for the elected official, loyalty to law must always prevail. But in this instance, there is a choice; clemency remains a gubernatorial prerogative. It is clear that, in their handling of the case so far, neither the Governor nor the Attorney General has been motivated by a sense of expediency or political advantage. Indeed, it may be said that if political advantage exists, it is probably to be found for both in saving Chessman from the gas chamber. And it is this final point which makes the choice so difficult for conscientious public servants like the Governor and the Attorney General.

But conscientiousness is one thing: conscience another. And as friends and admirers of both men, we say to them: "Do not be captives of your principles as public servants; do not fail to do the decent, humane thing simply because it may also be the expedient thing. Do not blight the promise of a brilliant administration by permitting a sentence to be carried out that is abhorrent to both of you. The obscene ritual of capital punishment will never be abolished if men of conscience like yourselves yield to the senseless clamor of those who are afraid to live in a world without gallows. We are convinced that, if you listen to the 'better angels' of your natures, Chessman will not die — and only the vengeful and the frightened will deny that you have thereby reconciled your private views and public responsibilities in a manner that promises most for the future of our society."

The Research Fetish

The drug industry, accused by Senator Estes Kefauver's Anti-Trust and Monopoly Subcommittee of setting and administering excessive prices, states that last year it spent $170 million on "research" and this year $190 million. [For an examination of the drug-price problem, see page 479.] It may be that the research referred to incorporated the quintessence of wisdom and will benefit the human race incalculably, but to be assured of this we should have to break down the figures into categories indicating who did what, for what purpose, and with what results. In a paper on "What Do We Mean by 'Research and Development'?" David Novick of the Cost Analysis Department of the Rand Corporation implies that, even in the glorious noonday of R&D, all is not gold that glitters. For instance, out of $185 million for R&D in the Westinghouse Electric 1959 budget, 79 per cent went for "development of equipment to customers' orders." Not much of this out-

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lay of almost $148 million could have gone to breaking the barriers of new knowledge. Dr. Novick suggests that the figure "commonly bandied about" for 1959 R&D, $10 billion, may not be a significant measure of national effort in the acquisition of new knowledge. The figure itself is statistically suspect, and inferences drawn from it are doubly suspect because of ambiguity of terms. In an effort to get some clarity into the situation, Novick offers four steps or classifications in R&D. Step I is basic or experimental research with the objective of increased understanding of the universe and better organization of knowledge. Step II comprises applied research with a view to developing promising, but still unknown, devices or methods for utilizing the general knowledge accruing from Step I. Step III is concerned with product development, testing, evaluation and pilot-production when "do-ability" has been established. Step IV is production application research, applied testing and evaluation in which "new uses and applications or modifications of uses are sought for *existing* methods, products, or components." (Italics added.)

Step III obviously presents something of a jump from Step II, while Step IV may conceivably be concerned with activities which are not research as the public understands it. How much of our $10 billion, then, is going into each of these categories, sequentially removed from the divine afflatus of an Einstein, Newton or Darwin? No one knows, but Novick is willing to take a stab at it. Since he is the only one who has raised the question in this form, his answer deserves respectful consideration:

Step	*Promise*	*Guessed distribution*
I	Brave New World	$ 100,000,000
II	Possible use of new discovery	300,000,000
III	Application of new knowledge	2,600,000,000
IV	Improved use of existing knowledge	7,000,000,000

"Assuming," writes Dr. Novick, "that something like $400 million is what we now are putting into the search for new knowledge with dramatic and exciting implications, and adjusting this for price change and Big Wheel and Big Deal administrative practices, a basic question is raised as to how much more we really are doing now than we were ten or twenty years ago." We certainly are doing more selling. Well and good, but before we boast of the lavish expenditures of our great corporations for R&D, we had better find out whether most of it isn't just that — selling.

Ethical Drugs and Medical Ethics . . *by David L. Cowen*

THE MANUFACTURERS of ethical pharmaceuticals (that is, drugs not advertised to the layman and for sale only upon the prescription or original recommendation of the physician) have been under fire for some time now. Consumers' groups, sections of the lay press and individual physicians and pharmacists have been asking questions and making accusations. The government has joined the war—in 1958 with a Federal Trade Commission report on antibiotics manufacture that opened pricing and marketing activities to the public gaze, and more recently in a criminal anti-trust suit against the manufacturers of Salk vaccine. The latter, the first real battle, was won by the industry, the court finding that the government, being required to prove guilt "on a reasonable hypothesis beyond a reasonable doubt" and to "simultaneously eliminate every other reasonable hypothesis of innocence," had presented evidence that established only the latter.

The current Kefauver hearings are the next battle. Presumably interested in the broad problem of administered prices, the hearings have alleged and will continue to allege high prices and exorbitant profits, restricted supply and dumping at low prices in foreign markets, and will suggest a strain upon, if not violation of, the anti-trust laws. It is now too early to predict what the results of the investigation will be: legislation (on patent and anti-trust laws), anti-trust actions, or further investigations may follow. Whatever happens, the pitiless publicity of the Kefauver hearings must redound to the advantage of the consumer.

The consumer, who is concerned of course with the high price of ethical drugs, is at first ready to blame the pharmacist, but the latter rejects the basic responsibility. With considerable justice, he points to the high prices he needs to pay; to the large inventories and senseless duplications he must keep; and to the rapid obsolescence of drugs not always returnable. He contends that on well over half the prescriptions he sells he is just meeting his costs of materials, labor and overhead; experts in pharmacy administration keep telling him that to these he should add a charge for professional services.

Without question, the actual dollar margin on the higher-price prescriptions is large; undoubtedly there are instances of gouging and shady practices. But the basic sources of consumer costs are the controlled prices and marketing practices of the manufacturers.

WHETHER or not one accepts this rationalization completely, it is probably true that to attempt to correct the situation at the consumer level is to deal only with the symptoms. Clinics, co-operatives, labor-union pharmacies and similar group enterprises reach a limited clientele and

DAVID L. COWEN, who teaches history at Rutgers University, has long been interested in the special history of pharmacy.

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are hamstrung by the same high material costs and the same professional standards which make the doctor's prescription an unalterable document. In addition, group activities of this kind usually run into opposition from organized medicine and pharmacy, and from the manufacturers. In Santa Rosa, California, for example, a syndicate raised $110,000 to gain voting control of a clinic and then proceeded to turn the property into other uses. And testimony before the Kefauver committee indicates that a pharmacy established by the American Association of Retired Persons and the National Retired Teachers Association in California has had to close down, and that its Washington, D.C., outlet has been unable to get supplies from three important manufacturers.

Recent attempts have been made at covering prescription costs by prepaid insurance. But this insurance is not too easily arranged: medication is not self-limiting, like hospitalization; and, most important, as long as basic costs remain high, the cost of the insurance must remain prohibitive. The problem is now under study by pharmaceutical groups, but neither insurance nor co-operatives can accomplish much while the manufacturers' prices remain high.

The attack must first be directed at the cost of drugs to the pharmacist. The basic factor responsible for the high price charged by the manufacturer is obviously the system of patents and brand names. This gives to the owner of the patent or the brand name a monopoly, or partial monopoly, which removes his product from free competition. In this respect the drug industry is no different from others; but the drug industry is unique in that there have developed institutionalized patterns that give it a more than normal control of price.

First, there is the professional and legal structure which prevents the pharmacist from making any alteration or "substitution" in a doctor's prescription without the latter's specific prior consent. This accounts for the tremendous promotional campaigns that the drug manufacturer directs toward the physician.

Second, the selling is directed at the physician, not at the ultimate consumer. The physician's primary concern, of course, must be with the "operational characteristics" of the drug being detailed (a survey indicates that only 2.4 per cent of physicians switch to an alternate product because of price); what happier price structure than that wherein the product is ordered by one who does not have to pay the price, and the price is paid by one who has no acceptable alternative to the purchase?

Third—to make triply sure—there are the fair-trade statutes by which the manufacturer can set the minimum beneath which a pharmacist may not legally sell the product. These appear to be the sturdiest props of all, for the pharmacist supports them, believing that they are essential to his economic well-being.

The present Senate investigation may lead to a re-evaluation of our patent system—perhaps with the same meager results as in the past. But the price of prescription drugs could be lowered without complicated legislation if the medical profession were to wield its power and assume its obligations.

IN THE first place, the physician should get his therapeutic information from medical journals, professional seminars, publications of the Council on Drugs of the A.M.A. and such publications as *The Medical Letter,* a new, non-profit publication on drugs and therapeutics. The physician, too, should learn to rely on the expert knowledge of the pharmacist, whose long training—soon to be lengthened to five years, and then six—makes him a qualified consultant. It should be a matter of embarrassment to members of the medical profession—and to some it is—that they get their knowledge of drugs from such hardly disinterested sources as the detail man (the manufacturer's salesman) and promotional literature.

This proposal that the medical profession divorce itself from a mésalliance is hardly revolutionary. *The Medical Letter* is intended specifically to meet the needs of the busy doctor who wants unbiased, reliable and timely information and critical evaluation of new drugs. Its editorial and advisory boards consist of seven physicians who are members of medical-school faculties plus the chief pharmacist of a large hospital.

WERE THE profession to manifest its independence from the manufacturer — there are physicians who advocate the discarding of all medical advertisements unopened — one of the props to administered prices will be removed. Moreover, the cost of advertising per se will be substantially lowered. The proportion of these costs to the final price is a matter of some dispute, but it is a most substantial factor. The first-year promotional budget for Achromycin totaled $2,447,000: every physician in the nation received two mailings each week for fifty-two weeks and more than $1,000,000 was spent on detailing. The A.M.A. *Journal* has claimed editorially that advertising costs represent but 2c of a 50c retail price. This 4 per cent may be as insignificant as the editor implies — the FTC in 1957 used the figure of 20.6 per cent as the average proportion of promotional costs to net sales — but it is something of a shock to find the justification for this in the usual explanation of the economic value of advertising, that is, that advertising leads to greater efficiency through increased production and thus to eventual lowering of price. Surely the profession must be generally aware that the production of medicaments and their consumption must derive from medical need and not from high-powered hucksterism.

Indeed, this brings up the whole question of the place of advertising in public health. Demand can be created, and in some instances with sound economic reason, for such products as chewing gum, soap, autos

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and such. Demand created in the same way for medicines can be socially detrimental. The drug manufacturer insists that his advertising is largely educational, but certainly he is in no position to claim that it is both educational and disinterested. The fact of the matter is that drug advertising is more often combative than educational.

THE SECOND method by which the medical profession can exert its power for the good is in its minimization of the use of brand names. So long as the physician continues to prescribe brand names, the pharmacist must stock all, or most, of the brands of each drug. There are no less than twenty-nine different brands, in various dosage forms, of the trisulfapyrimidines; and the pharmacist may not, legally or ethically, dispense one brand where the physician has asked for another. There has therefore long been a movement for having the doctor prescribe drugs by their generic names, that is, by the name common to all brands and recognized by the Food and Drug Administration, the *United States Pharmacopoeia*, the *National Formulary*, etc., rather than by brand. In this way he can clear the pharmacist's shelves of duplication, he can permit the use of the cheaper, unbranded products, and he can force the high-price producer to compete more genuinely. In any event, the patient's costs could be cut by astounding proportions. If, for example, the physician prescribes Meticorten, the pharmacist must charge on the basis of a cost to him from five to seven times greater than the cost of the same drug supplied under the generic name prednisone. Small wonder that a spokesman for the industry has called writing for generic names "an apparent symptom of a trend toward socialized practice in medicine and pharmacy."

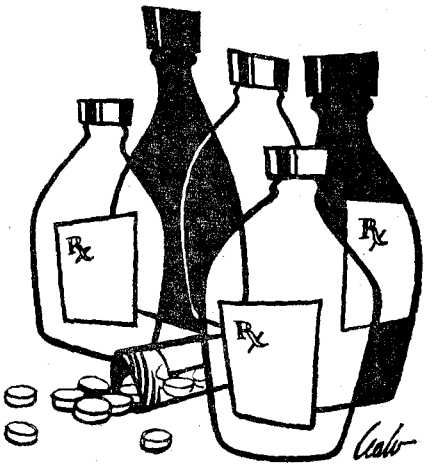
Consumers' groups, pharmacists, medical faculties, all have been advocating the use of generic names, yet the physician continues to ask for the brand name. He does so for a variety of reasons: he feels that he knows the reliability of the manufacturer and can be sure of the quantity and quality of the medicine; he feels the maker is entitled to his patronage in return for the high cost of research, educative efforts and samples; and he finds it easier to remember the brand name, which the advertisements have been hammering at him, than to figure out the generic name.

Some of this reasoning has already been dealt with: branding is not in itself a guarantee of purity of product or honesty of advertising; if tremendous advertising costs are unwarranted, there should be no sense of obligation. The problem of research costs will be dealt with later.

Nevertheless, it will not be easy for the physician to break old habits and write the generic term. He needs urging from his patients, and he needs an easy way out. This is provided by the suggestion that he designate the branded drug if he prefers, but that he indicate also that any reliable equivalent will do. It has been suggested that he might mark his prescription A.R.B. (any reliable brand), and I would propose the use of another, more traditional term and one less attached to "brand," namely, *quid pro quo*. The addition of this, or the symbol "q.p.q." to the prescription, would indicate to the pharmacist that he had the approval of the physician to dispense any drug which is generically the chemical and therapeutic equivalent.

This the pharmaceutical industry has labeled "substitution." To the industry, the word has become a dirty one, of course, and there has been created a National Pharmaceutical Council that "occupies itself principally with one problem — what is frequently called 'substitution' but can be expressed positively as brand identification." The council has produced twenty-four reasons why brand names are important. The reasons given, e.g., potency, compatibility, purity, solubility, etc., are all qualities that good medicines should have, and it must be assumed that regardless of the brand name, the same drug manufactured to the same standards of purity will always provide the same qualities in equal measure.

It is difficult to believe that the qualities of tetracycline, for example,



differ if dispensed under the names of Achromycin, Tetracyn, Polycycline, Steclin or Panmycin — especially since all are manufactured under the same patents (Bristol, whose tetracycline is called Polycycline, was selling its product in bulk to Squibb and Upjohn for repackaging as Steclin and Panmycin respectively). The National Pharmaceutical Council is concerned with the possibility that equivalents may be supplied by imitators and counterfeiters. This is entirely another matter, and there are legal means of redress against such practices.

THE PHYSICIAN, however, may still feel that he needs some protection from the unscrupulous pharmacist who, once given a green light, will fill all prescriptions with inferior drugs, or will continue to exact prices based on the original brand price. Here some protection is needed. The equivalent that may be used need not be the personal choice of the pharmacist, but could readily be restricted to those professionally acceptable. The American Pharmaceutical Association has already made a start toward such a list with a pamphlet called "Proprietary Names (Trade Names) of Official Drugs." There are at least four agencies that could assume the responsibility for the development of *quid pro quo* lists, three of which could give them official status: the Pharmacopoeial Convention, the Committee on National Formulary of the American Pharmaceutical Association, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Council on Drugs of the A.M.A. In addition,

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increased governmental supervision, through the FDA, would be needed to guarantee the integrity of the "USP" legend. Finally, although it is true that competition among pharmacists would tend to keep prices down once the artificial props were removed, it is also true that consumer groups will have to be vigilant to be sure that the prescription price schedules, which are becoming rather popular among local pharmaceutical associations, set reasonable maxima.

The industry, of course, will clamor that it cannot exist profitably unless the integrity of its brands is maintained. This sounds like the argument against progressive taxation, and one is inclined to say that though the profits might be trimmed somewhat, the industry would nevertheless manage to grow and prosper. There will still be patents, brands and advantages to be gained by being first with good products.

THE industry does not want any tampering with the *status quo*. Nothing should destroy the "delicate partnership . . . between the quest for scientific knowledge on the one hand and the drive for financial success on the other." This brings up the matter of research, which each industry-witness before the Kefauver committee has fallen back upon. The high prices, all have insisted, reflect high research costs. Research is vital, not simply to the industry, but to medical progress. Beat down the price and research will need to be restricted and public health will suffer. There are some significant considerations here that need to be understood.

Industrial drug research is only a fraction of the medical research carried on in the country. In 1957, according to an industry spokesman, 62 per cent of the $400 million spent on medical research came from the government, 32 per cent from industry and the remainder from philanthropic agencies, universities and such.

The major breakthroughs in medical research have not been the results of industrial research. Insulin, penicillin, streptomycin and the Salk vaccine, for example, were all essentially the work of independent researchers. This is not to say that industry has not made substantial contributions. Merck & Co. lists among its accomplishments the first synthesis of cortisone, the discovery and synthesis of hydrocortisone and newer cortico-steroids, the discovery and synthesis of Vitamin B12, the synthesis of the most widely used sulfa drugs, and the development of the technique for processing dried blood plasma. Moreover, Selman Waksman has said that without his agreements with, and aid from, Merck, "the antibiotics that we isolated would have remained bibliographic curiosities."

But essentially the research activities of the drug industry must be directed toward profits. For this reason much of the industry's research is really the *development* of new products, some of it as part of a program of planned obsolescence of drugs already on the market, much of it economically wasteful (it is estimated that about 85 per cent of new pharmaceutical products actually put on the market do not pay their way), some of it medically unnecessary, undesirable and even dangerous. To cite but one example, an impartial study states that "the new diuretic, flumethiazide . . . differs chemically from chlorothiazide . . . in having a trifluoromethyl group in place of the chlorine. This substitution does not change its pharmacologic properties. . . . There is no present basis for believing that flumethiazide has any advantage over chlorothiazide with respect to . . . side effects." One medical critic has bluntly stated that the proliferation of varieties of antibiotics "reflects the competitive nature of the drug business" and not therapeutic need. The FTC has reported that "the antibiotics research program instituted by the companies after World War II did not have as their aim the discovery of drugs for which patents could be licensed . . . widely. . . . Each company was seeking exclusive products which could support profitable prices."

PRIVATE enterprise is not always prepared or able to protect the commonweal. A case in point is penicillin, where the result of early experiments in industry literally had to be pried out ("They have not made their experimental results and their development of manufacturing processes generally available," lamented Dr. Vannevar Bush in 1943), and where success reflected governmental assumption of the direction and financing of a planned program. The major fermentation process and nutrient medium used in penicillin manufacture were developed by Department of Agriculture workers, and the basic research was sponsored nation-wide by the Office of Scientific Research and Development. It was the latter agency, together with the War Production Board, that financed the building of six penicillin plants (later purchased by the companies for 44 per cent of their cost). A similar story can be told with regard to the Salk vaccine. The original contracts between the manufacturers and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis provided that the foundation "instruct the manufacturers in the production of . . . vaccine" and undertook "to reimburse them for their total costs of production." New contracts in 1954 started the companies producing stockpiles of the vaccine and obligated the foundation to "purchase the vaccine whether or not the [pending] test program proved successful." Moreover, "the foundation and not the . . . manufacturers assumed whatever risks were inherent in the program of testing."

ALL OF this is to demonstrate that the public health is not completely dependent upon research in the pharmaceutical industry, and to place the risk-taking heroics of private enterprise in a truer light. Nor must it be supposed that government regulation of patents and brands, or the physician's writing for *quid pro quos*, will leave no room for the companies to gain advantage from research, nor that some private research is not desirable.

One thing should be evident to the medical and pharmaceutical professions, which are so very touchy about anything that even hints at socialized medicine. The longer it takes them to find ways of keeping the price of medication within the means of the people, the greater the danger that they will be forced along the very path they fear so much.

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DIPLOMAS FOR SALE . . *by Myron Lieberman*

ONE OF THE most interesting educational publications of 1959 is a ninety-nine-page pamphlet by Robert H. Reid entitled *American Degree Mills*. The study, sponsored by the American Council on Education, is interesting both for what it says and what it does not say.

What it says is that for more than 120 years, a number of foreign nationals have been getting phony degrees by correspondence "study" from phony institutions of higher education in the United States. The dimensions of the diploma-mill problem today are not susceptible to precise delimitation. According to Reid, a trade association which represents a large number of diploma mills asserts that their enrollment in one recent year was 750,000 students and that they did a business of around $750,000,000 a year. These figures included both foreign and domestic enrollments. There appear to be over 200 diploma mills located in at least thirty-seven states. Their "diplomas" are sold in forty-two countries and in all continents. The situation has repeatedly embarrassed the federal government, which under existing laws appears helpless to do anything to remedy it. The reasons provide some interesting insights into American education.

As in the case of many rackets, the chief victims are unwilling or unable to publicize their grievances. This is especially the case with foreign students, who ordinarily lack the resources to initiate an action in this country against the institutions involved. Furthermore, the victims often have a stake in letting sleeping dogs lie. For example, in situations where possession of a degree is an asset or a prerequisite to a good job, the "degree" holder is not likely to take any action which publicizes its fraudulent character. This fact is one of the biggest barriers to successful prosecution of diploma mills. And, of course, even bona fide students defrauded by diploma mills do not always make an issue of the fact.

Despite the repeated embarrassment it has suffered all over the world through these diploma mills, the State Department does not even have a list of them available for overseas use. Furthermore, no agency of the federal government has heretofore been authorized to draw up such a list. The U.S. Office of Education is not now and never has been an accrediting agency. Tentative first steps to make it one during the Taft and Wilson administrations evoked a storm of criticism and have never been repeated. The Office of Education does publish annually a list of accredited institutions, but the list is composed of institutions accredited by other agencies and those whose credits are accepted by at least three accredited institutions. This listing, while it excludes the correspondence schools, does include a considerable number of extremely weak institutions which award degrees.

Last October Secretary Arthur S. Flemming of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, told a press conference that the Office of Education is planning to prepare and publicize a list of diploma mills. However, no date was set, and at the same conference, the Secretary said that the Commissioner of Education would investigate and clarify federal authority to deal with these institutions.

AT PRESENT, neither the Office of Education nor any other federal or state agency has either the authority or the means to put fraudulent educational institutions out of business. Some attention has been given to the possibility of prosecuting diploma-mill operators for use of the mails to defraud. However, many diploma mills operate under state charters granted in an almost complete absence of state regulation, and the Post Office cannot easily initiate prosecutions for acts which are legal according to state charters. If the fraud consists of awarding a degree for no work, the student is usually as guilty as the institution. Furthermore, the only promise sometimes made by the institution is that it will grant a degree. If it does this, no matter how little work is required of the student, how can there be intent to defraud?

One long-established diploma mill was put out of business by the Federal Trade Commission on the grounds of unfair competition with legitimate institutions. In upholding the FTC in this case, a federal court conceded that the harm done to students outside the United States was not a relevant factor; the only issue was the harm done to "petitioner's competitors" in this country. Despite the FTC's success in this particular case, however, the agency is in no position to clean up diploma mills; its resources are limited and its activities in fields outside of education have a deservedly higher priority.

WHAT ABOUT regulation by the states? Only fourteen states have any legislation regulating correspondence schools, and seven of these apply to non-degree-granting institutions. In sum: the federal government is helpless to eliminate diploma mills because it does not control education, while the state cannot regulate out-of-state schools or even those within their boundaries which enroll only out-of-state students (the latter situation constitutes "interstate commerce" and is therefore not subject to state regulation).

The absence of federal and state activity in curbing diploma mills raises the possibility of non-governmental action, especially by professional organizations. Surprisingly enough, *American Degree Mills* makes not a single reference to the American Association of University Professors. The sad truth is that Better Business Bureaus have been more useful than the AAUP in efforts to eliminate fraudulent educational institutions.

The existence of the fraudulent schools is really a symptom of a

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much larger and more important problem, to wit, the absence of effective regulation over private education generally in the United States. To this day, no charter or license is required to establish a college in almost one-third of the states. A more serious problem is the existence of thousands of low-grade educational institutions at all levels all over the country. These institutions, while not diploma mills, are bad enough to debase all levels of American education. This situation is due to factors which seldom receive the attention they deserve.

MOST PRIVATE education in the United States is under religious auspices, which makes any and all attempts at regulation political dynamite. Legally, states can impose reasonable requirements on private schools concerning buildings, equipment, class size, teacher qualifications and similar factors. In practice, the states seldom hold private schools to the same minimum standards required of public schools. Thus in every state of the union, all elementary and secondary public-school teachers must have teaching certificates, but only twelve states require them of private-school teachers at any level. (One of the myths of American education is built upon the brilliant liberal-arts college graduates, thoroughly trained in their subjects but unable to teach in public schools because they don't have, and won't take, the education courses necessary for a teaching certificate. These omnipresent creatures, so dear to the hearts of private-school spokesmen, are supposed to be teaching in private schools, where their intellectual brilliance is respected and rewarded. The truth is that most of them are not fit to teach.)

Catholic parochial schools constitute over 80 per cent of the private schools in the United States. Although relatively free from public control, at least they are subject to the control of the Church, which makes it unlikely that any of them will sink to the level of a diploma mill. Of course, there are many weak parochial (as well as public) schools, a fact which is recognized in Catholic educational circles.

The crucial point is that *private* non-parochial schools, which are equally free of state regulations, are practically free of any control at all. The correspondence-school diploma mills are only part of the unhappy consequences of this *laissez-faire* attitude toward private education.

A SITUATION I encountered two years ago illustrates one aspect of the picture. While employed by a private university in New York City, I interviewed an applicant for admission who wanted to take a course in the teaching of reading. The applicant was already employed as a remedial reading instructor in a private "clinic" in New York City. He had absolutely no qualifications to teach anyone how to read.

At the time, he was getting $2 an hour from his employer, who in turn received $4 an hour from each student. Customers were usually parents whose children were doing poorly in school and who thought that private instruction would help their children to read better. They were attracted to the "clinic" by newspaper advertisements. Business was excellent — so good that the young man had decided to go into business for himself. He had come to us for help in preparing for his forthcoming entrepreneurial responsibilities. Had we accepted him, it would have been the first time in his life that he had ever studied reading or the teaching of it. And this happened in the state which exercises the most stringent controls over private education in the country.

Probably the worst educational rackets are to be found in some of the private independent schools. Many of these operate in states which purport to regulate private as well as public schools. Quite often, the regulation is inadequate to prevent the worst abuses, while it serves as an excuse for the schools to claim that they meet state standards — which they do.

These institutions are not merely fraudulent from an academic viewpoint. The depths to which they can sink are illustrated by one Connecticut institution I know about. Although it had no psychological or psychiatric staff, this school specialized in problem children from wealthy families. Many of its students had been expelled from other public or private institutions. Mentally retarded, emotionally disturbed, physically handicapped and normal children were thrown together in the same classrooms without the slightest regard for the consequences. Teachers were forbidden to fail any students; the headmaster even changed grades submitted by teachers in order not to arouse the suspicions of parents. Because the teaching staff was so poorly paid, and underwent virtually complete turnover every year, there were always serious deficiencies in it. Frequently the same teacher would be teaching two subjects at the same time in the same room. Students and parents were charged exorbitant fees for personal and educational services. Parents were asked to donate to an employees' retirement fund which the employees had never heard about. Physical maltreatment and sexual irregularities among students were daily occurrences.

OF COURSE, a school like this could not exist without wealthy parents indifferent to the welfare of their children. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that the state of Connecticut provides much protection for children unlucky enough to have such parents. Private schools in Connecticut need adhere only to the following regulations:

1. Keep attendance records, including an annual report to the State Department of Education.

2. Offer a course in the duties and responsibilities of U.S. citizenship, and file a copy thereof with the State Department of Education.

3. Use English as the medium of instruction and devote not more than one hour a day to any language other than English.

4. Utilize buildings which conform to state laws governing safety and sanitation.

These regulations leave private schools in Connecticut free to operate without qualified teachers, medical services, laboratories, books, equipment and courses of study. That any do so should not surprise anyone

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who has outgrown the fiction that "educators" are above making a fast buck when the opportunity presents itself. And it must be emphasized that Connecticut is not alone or even unusual in its "look the other way" policy concerning private education.

THE PRESENT situation for the country as a whole suggests this paradoxical conclusion: Public education is being seriously weakened by the absence of high standards for private education. The makeshift private schools hastily set up in certain Southern communities to avoid integration in public schools provide the most dramatic support for this conclusion. These schools lacked adequate buildings, supplies, trained teachers and other essentials, yet they were permitted to operate. If there had been reasonable minimum standards for private schools, enforced by state law, it would have been impossible to weaken or destroy public education by setting up quickie private schools.

It is true that, in some states, any state laws standing in the way of private schools would be abolished at once if they were a serious obstacle to private schools set up to avoid integration. But there are other states in which this is not the case. In fact, the Negro migration to large Northern cities is undoubtedly contributing to the increase of private schools there also. The school situation is sometimes the decisive factor in the action taken by white families living on the edge of Negro ghettos. Some families move to the suburbs; others stay and send their children to private schools. The latter alternative should be eliminated insofar as it rests upon the freedom of private schools to ignore reasonable minimum standards of education.

In the past twenty years, private-school enrollments have increased from 2,660,000 to 6,450,000. These figures represent an increase from 9.4 per cent of the total elementary and secondary school enrollments in 1939-40 to 15.1 per cent of the total in 1959-60. Granted that there are many excellent private schools, still there is not a shred of evidence to indicate that private schools *per se* are better than public ones — at least on the basis of secular educational criteria.

If the American public-school system is not to suffer an irreversible blow from the growth of parochial schools, private schools set up to avoid integration, private schools catering to the children of the power and prestige elites, and private schools which are out-and-out rackets, there is no time to be lost in insisting that all schools, public or private, meet reasonable standards set up to protect the public interest as well as the interests of the children who attend them.

Trujillo: More Croesus Than Caesar

by J. I. Jimenes-Grullón

Merida, Venezuela

LATIN AMERICA has suffered from many dictatorships, but all were almost exclusively political. The case of Trujillo is different. He usurped power and then, gradually, took over the national economy. For him the state is an instrument at the service of his boundless ambition for wealth. It could be said he is more Croesus than Caesar and that, psychologically, he is more gangster than politician.

Much has been written about the terrorism of his thirty-year-old regime — the suppression of civil rights and liberties, the mass murders perpetrated upon helpless peasants, the assassinations Trujillo has engineered not only on his own soil, but in the United States and Cuba. Much less is known of the extent to which the dictator has turned a whole country into a private estate.

More than 70 per cent of the Dominican Republic's sugar plantations, and 60 per cent of all other agricultural land, belong to him or to his family. Similar figures are applicable to the nation's small industry. Exact statistics are impossible to ascertain; indeed, it is even impossible to separate what belongs to the state from what belongs to Trujillo — both form a single entity. The judiciary and legislative arms of the government are under his thumb, and both operate to assure the steady growth of the ruler's fortune, already estimated at more than $500,000,000.

The country's tax system is ideally geared to protect Trujillo's monopolies. According to the *Anuario Estadistico* (Yearly Statistics Bulletin) of the Dominican Republic, in 1954 revenues from *direct* taxes amounted to $13,599,489.63, while *indirect* taxes totaled more than six times as much — $83,492,918.03. It is not the property-owners who bear the tax burden, but the great mass of the people, whose poverty thus becomes a double burden.

At least 75 per cent, perhaps more, of the Dominican Republic's gainfully employed population work for Trujillo directly or indirectly — directly in one of his agricultural, industrial or commercial enterprises, indirectly as members of the government bureaucracy. One result of this

Trujillo

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economic monopoly is to strangle private enterprise; and this phenomenon, combined with the growth of population, results in turn in an increase of unemployment. Already 40 per cent of the country's employables are without jobs, a fact which increases the dictator's power over his people. For, to get work, the people must turn to him. Trujillo controls not only the natural, but also the labor resources of the country — a situation unique in Europe and the Americas.

ONE BEGINS to understand, now, how Trujillo's tyranny has managed to survive. He has coupled the ruthless use of violence with an equally ruthless manipulation of man's instinct for survival; his people, to eat, must submit to him. And to these two factors, a third must be added: the dictator's seeming immunity on the international scene. Despite his persistent violation of international accords—notably the Human Rights Convention — he has never been criticized officially by any of the great democracies. The United States, ignoring the crimes which Trujillo has committed on its soil, continues to maintain cordial relations with him in the name of "non-intervention."

Despite these circumstances, Trujillo's opposition is growing. The exile-engineered invasion of the Dominican Republic last June, even though abortive, forced the dictator into an arms-purchase program that is threatening the economy of the regime. This, in turn, has increased the misery of the people; the per capita income, recently estimated by the United Nations at $137, has suffered a further drop. Were the democracies, in protest against Trujillo's repeated violations of international accords, to break diplomatic relations with him and to declare an economic boycott against his regime, it is doubtful that the dictator could outlast the morrow.

THE PRISONERS: a SELF-PORTRAIT . . *by David Cort*

A CHILD, after he has done wrong, been caught, and while he is being punished by prolonged disapproval (psychiatrically, a poor way to punish), has a long, sad, lonely and highly moral vigil. Theoretically his views on life in this period should be of great value, but in fact he is only re-collecting his ego, not probing into the moral law. His mood is rather beautiful in a minor key, but useful neither to him nor to society.

This childhood poetry is repeated and multiplied in all the prisons of all the nations, though with differences. In America, the state and federal correctional institutions immure at any one time about 200,000 people, mostly men. This is about .1 per cent of the whole population—about one in every 250 men. Each costs the taxpayer about $1,800 a year, directly.

The prisons, it is said by everybody including the prisoners, are failures. The worst failure of prisons is that they do not yet contain the great mass of serious and competent criminals, so different from the present inmates. It takes forty years to catch up with a Frank Costello and separate him briefly from his manicurist and the Copacabana night club. The members of his organization rarely experience the long, sweet sorrow of prison life. The actual prisoner has not thought to the point about life; Costello has; and the convicted criminal should not flatter himself that he is in Costello's class merely because he is a criminal. The prisons are for the failures; perhaps that is why the prisons are failures.

Both are, however, very expensive failures, and so we must be grateful for a recent authentic revelation of the nature of the actual man now in prison in America. This took the form of a privileged poll of 500 prisoners of the Atlanta, Ga., Penitentiary by the prisoners themselves. The results appear under the title "Project Prisoner" in a special issue of *The Atlantian*, the inmates' own magazine. Since Atlanta has 2,700 prisoners, the sample is not complete, but its percentages of types of criminals are roughly the same as for the total prison population.

It soon becomes apparent in the tabulations that the results are meaningless when they are measured as of the whole 500, as if all kinds of criminals were alike. For surely a man reveals his character even more clearly by the crime he elects to commit than by the wife he chooses out of all the women in the world. He could not, he would not, anyway he did not, commit other crimes; he chose one or more in a narrow range. And the Atlanta survey begins to turn on the lights only when it breaks down its results into crime groups.

BEFORE we go into these fascinating but difficult particulars, the crude over-all averages established for the 500 inmates were: age, 35.9; current sentence, 8.5 years; schooling, to the seventh grade; years spent in prison, 8.2; number of arrests, 11; previous sentences served, 2; age at first arrest, 18; average I.Q., 103.

To pay them the compliment of judging them as potential equals: a dismal crew, already architects of dismal lives.

The totality grows more humanly recognizable when it is divided into temperamental crimes given as 25 per cent car theft (apparently an average and undistinguished crime), 14 per cent narcotics, nearly 14 per cent forgery, nearly 10 per cent armed robbery, 6 per cent larceny and liquor crimes and 4.6 per cent murder. Any other groups mentioned here were down around 2 per cent.

I take it that when one of these groups gives a group answer that is conspicuously off the norm for all the groups, we have something worth

DAVID CORT'S next book, Is There an American in the House?, *will be published soon by Macmillan.*

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noticing. Unless it can be explained away by racial or social factors or the peculiar operations of the law, it is a clue.

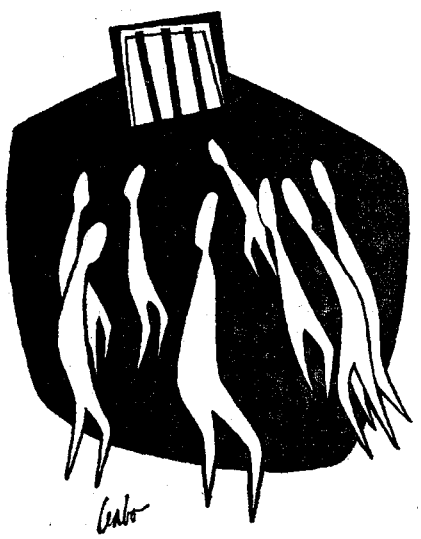
On the I.Q.s, the stupidest were the murderers at 88 per cent, followed by the liquor violators. The murderers were also the oldest (in their forties), had the least schooling and were among the best church-goers. They were joined by the youngest group, the kidnapers, in low I.Q.s, little schooling and good church records in prison.

The brightest were the larcenists (112.5 I.Q.), the Mann Act violators, the narcotics cases, the forgers and the armed robbers. But all these had a little less schooling than the fairly stupid morals cases. The best church-goers as a group were the narcotics and morals cases.

On the test of marriage, another dimension is given to the crime groups. The largest percentage of single men lay among the young and unintelligent kidnapers and the more intelligent sex criminals. The highest score in maintaining marriages went to the intelligent armed robbers with 66 per cent, followed by the narcotics cases. In numbers divorced, the only startling figure is for mail-fraud cases who are zero single, zero married and 100 per cent divorced.

EVEN IN a secret, inviolable poll like this, one must be awed by the question, "Do you plan to continue in crime?" But the answers seem to me even more awesome: Yes, 11.3 per cent; Don't know (figure "probably"), 17 per cent; No (figure "maybe"), 71.7 per cent. Figure some jokers both ways: the re-adventurers into crime must come to at least 30 per cent, probably nearer 50 per cent. The highest Yes figures were for the kidnapers, morals cases and forgers; and a lot of kidnapers and burglars didn't know. That small but remarkable mail-fraud group was alone in voting 100 per cent No. It should now be added that this group reached the senior year of high school. The contrasting interest in more crime by the kidnapers and murderers becomes less ominous when one notices that their average sentences run for 59 and 35 years; indeed, the very frivolity of their interest may have inspired it.

"Is this your last time in prison?" ought to bring answers corresponding inversely to those above. And so we get a happy chorus of 100 per cent Yes from the morals cases who had already avowed a considerable intention of continuing in crime. The burglars at 80 per cent Yes also seem never to learn. However, the mail-fraud cases also voted 100 per cent Yes; and these I seem to believe, since this answer corresponds with their 100 per cent No to the preceding question. The murderers and



Mann Act violators thought it a weary 37 per cent possible that they would be back in prison, with Don't know, and this answer has some logical relation to their criminal intentions.

BY NOW we can guess how they will all react to the prison situation. As to whether prison supervision was an asset, only the mail-fraud cases and the armed robbers gave a majority Yes. A ringing No was returned by the Mann Act violators (75 per cent) and the murderers (71 per cent).

Rephrasing the question to "Are officials here to help you?" did not change the responses much. The larcenists, narcotics cases, mail-fraud cases and armed robbers are not unwilling to say Yes. The kidnapers, Mann Act violators and murderers overwhelmingly reject any such thought.

Well, let's try again: "Do you find it difficult to adjust to prison life?" Here the kidnapers and the sex criminals are in agreement on the difficulty, but the murderers this time are fairly calm about it, at only 37 per cent. The burglars are calmest of all at 10 per cent, and the mail-fraud and liquor cases not quite as calm at 25 per cent.

When we nag again on what is the prisoner's present attitude, the "hopefuls" are fewest among the long-term murderers (12 per cent) and kidnapers (16 per cent). The latter, with the longer terms, are younger and thus slightly more hopeful. The highest percentage of "hopefuls" is to be found of course with those feckless idiots, the morals cases (66 per cent). At the next sober, reasonable level come the mail frauds, narcotics and armed robbers, as we had nearly expected. Of course, the words "hopeful," "indifferent," "resigned," etc., mean very different things to different individuals in this situation.

A few incidental sidelights on the group pattern can be added. In the matter of escaping custody, the high score belonged to the burglars (80 per cent) followed by the larcenists (57 per cent); the least enterprising in this respect were the mail-fraud cases (zero) and the narcotics offenders (2.7 per cent).

The older men naturally feel most strongly that first offenders should be segregated, and these are the liquor violators, murderers, mail-fraud and narcotics cases.

The general average of the inmates who had had trades ran around only 60 per cent, but the morals cases were at 83 per cent and the mail-fraud cases at 75 per cent. It is saddening to notice that the often estimable armed robbers here drop to only 43 per cent, and are also the lowest in learning a trade in prison (23 per cent). Perhaps these people are playing a game with the authorities, invisible to me, or perhaps they would be genuinely ashamed of any trade other than armed robbery. A less unexpected sadness comes with the fact that the young kidnapers are only 16 per cent in the matter of having had a trade before prison. But again it may be asked: when does a man consider that he has a

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"trade"? What are the criteria of a "trade" and of "having" it? Can the writer of these lines be said to "have" a "trade"?

ONE MUST have begun to descry in the foregoing bare statistics the cloudy emerging outlines of some half-seen types of people, self-revealed almost unconsciously. One may be skeptical, but I believe much of this revelation is valid, for a reason inherent in data generally. These data were not taken to prove our point, but to prove something else, almost the opposite; that is, that there is a single, generalized prisoner who is a pretty nice fellow. This inquiry thus approaches the research, as it were, by the back window.

The useful conclusion is that treatment of prisoners might profitably vary with the crime, throughout society's relations with them. Taken in that way, none of them is hopeless.

Every undifferentiated statement that can be made about criminals has, from this point of view, the ring of nonsense. For example, James V. Bennett, chief of the Federal Bureau of Prisons and one of this country's leading penologists, describes "the more than 100,000 defeated, embittered, twisted, queer, handicapped and seriously neurotic individuals who pass annually through the gates of our prisons." This statement has some status as poetry and accomplishes the chief purpose of most writing on the subject: to prove that the man's heart is in the right place. But, as we have seen, each of Mr. Bennett's adjectives may apply to a majority of one group and not to another. Or all the adjectives may be said to apply to nearly everybody alive.

It is unnatural to house masses of men within walls, as the 5,200 at San Quentin, the 4,600 at Ohio State (the penitentiary), the 4,650 at Joliet. The result will certainly appear noisome, but to beautify the joint will prove little, and even to admit the prisoners' wives on occasion, as some suggest and as the Latin Americans, Russians and some Asiatics do, would have very different effects on different groups of convicts. It would certainly not help the 100 per cent-divorced mail-fraud cases, or the unmarried morals cases, and might incite them to riot.

The 500 prisoners at Atlanta are equally unhelpful when they try to reveal themselves as a totality. Thus majorities in the Atlanta poll say they had a happy home life, an average family background, were unjustly sentenced, usually tell the truth, write their families, don't see enough of their families, do not especially miss family life or sex, and so on. Anybody from President Eisenhower to Frank Sinatra might have returned these answers; they may describe everybody or nobody.

The truth is that a given period of a society creates its special crimes, and summons out its special types of criminals. We no longer have the terrible crimes of lese majesty and religious heresy, for which people were torn apart and burned alive. Evasion of income tax and alimony payments have been rotated into place. The harsh kidnaping laws were passed against hardened, middle-aged criminals and have produced the young, stupid, unmarried, church-going type. Car theft, a crime encouraged by all Detroit's glamorous and seductive advertising, is too widely attractive to produce any single type, so far as I can see. It is also among the least severely punished crimes. But after an act has been made a crime, it takes a given sort of personality, experience and mood to commit it. And this person in a different kind or period of society could easily have lived a blameless life. It does no good to say that society is positively to blame for the criminal and the crime; society is what it must be.

SOCIETY'S problem is first to catch the criminal, and then, what to do with him. In some societies the answer is to kill him at once, which ends the individual problem cheaply. The second answer is to support him for life in confinement, but this is dreadfully expensive. The third is to give him a graduated punishment by confinement and then, with a pious prayer, turn him loose. The fourth is to try to understand him and somehow undo in a few years the self-destructive patterns which are, however, the criminal's most cherished private universe. This last is current doctrine, but not practice.

One might say that if all veteran convicts were redeemed and rehabilitated, the contribution to society in a positive sense would be so negligible as to be unnoticeable. A William Sydney Porter does sometimes land in prison, but it is a long time between O. Henrys. Still, I noticed that some of the writing in the Atlanta Penitentiary survey was quite creditable, definitely above average high school level.

But I think it is more important to look at the free boys from fifteen through seventeen now on the streets, among whom the hardened criminals will be chosen almost by accident or lot. If we can get those boys past a year or so without a first crime, and then a commitment to crime and a pride in crime, they will be real men at twenty-one. The human material here is so salvageable, so valuable, so close to salvation, that the hearts of the officials dealing with juvenile delinquents must be perpetually breaking.

THE FIRST crime is the important one. Many respectable people have illegal fantasies, but they are not necessarily damaging to the character so long as they remain that. The fatal step of carrying the reckless fantasy over into a real act must present the new criminal with a wholly revised picture of himself, which he rather admires and can never lose entirely. When he is caught, this picture is socially confirmed. And society is in for fifty years of trouble, damage and expense.

The focus of society's attention should be on this first crime, long before the Atlanta prisoners are polled. Here should be in charge the most capable people we can find. A modest suggestion is that part of the answer at that moment is much less public attention, or none at all — that is, no newspaper attention. Newspaper editorializing on juvenile delinquency is to be complimented on its success at frightening old ladies, infuriating men and exhilarating the young, but otherwise it is the most useless conceivable exercise of the journalist's art.

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The Old Chief of Quincy

THE ADAMS-JEFFERSON LETTERS. Edited by Lester J. Cappon. University of North Carolina Press. 2 vols; 638 pp. $12.50.

Benjamin DeMott

WHO is John Adams? In his lifetime he was a President-by-three-Votes, a figure more or less reviled — Franklin allowed him wisdom but said that he was in some things "absolutely out of his senses." An English voice at the peace table, speaking for Everyone Nice, called him "the most ungracious man I ever saw," and the liverish tide of abuse that flowed over his last two decades would have drowned a lesser man. Since then his partisans have been few. Our great new lucrative industry, American History, has been nervous about bringing him into the Hero Market ("He lacked Washington's ability to override great difficulties with outward equinimity [sic] and confidence," says one scholar writing in 1957; he lacked Hamilton's "glamor," and "as time has demonstrated, he lacked the abiding popularity and success of Jefferson as a political figure"). The only believable biography, Chinard's, risks little more in the line of open "praise" than an assertion that Adams is the "personnification of all that is stanch, honest, stubborn and somewhat narrow in his native province." Wild old Ezra Pound gave Adams some Cantos — but largely because the man was Sound About Banks. And the occasional writer on a technical subject who has found himself possessed of an insight into the nature of Adams' character — Zoltán Haraszti is an example — runs off his course onto grave phrases about "deep neurotic strain," expresses wonder at Adams' commonplaces, and tsk-tsks at his wit. In so much obtuseness there is surely a meaning, but it is needless to hunt for it here. What matters is that as a consequence of the showing-forth in this correspondence of a single strand of Adams' life — his relations with Jefferson — the magnificent old chief of Quincy is at last back in full sight.

The outer story of these relations, as the letters express it, is simple: a friendship of ambitious men is broken early by jealousy and suspicion, restored late by little save the passage of years. The inner drama of the correspondence is nothing less than the revelation of a great soul, a revelation so gripping (in the second of these volumes, when Adams was in his eighties) that canny spectators are bound to ask questions about it. Did Adams husband himself for the role? Did some prophetic instinct warn him to save strength for a future in which he could utter himself fully — in circumstances that would tell to his advantage as no others in his life had done? Not likely. Readers of the *Diary* know that the Quincy schoolmaster and lawyer spent himself freely, openly, everywhere and always — in random conversations in inns, in his classroom and in court, in pursuit of learning and in brutal self-analysis, in cool observation, hot quarrel, public life and in his parlor — and his correspondence with others beside Jefferson is clean of passages of withdrawal. In the hectic days of negotiations with foreign ministers his reports to Franklin are enlivened by mocking notes on the modes of evasiveness favored by their various "high Mightinesses"; neat slits are made in the gullets of the fat cats of yesteryear ("He is an admirable patriot where thirty percent can be made by serving his country"); and there are delicious moments when an interview with one or another pipe-smoking, blackmailing Tripolitan ambassador issues in whole paragraphs of cunning wit.

BUT however vital Adams' past, however freely he spent before, the prodigality of his eighth and ninth decades was surpassing. Grand torrents of knowledge, observation, speculation and fresh careless violent speech poured down on the Jefferson of those years—there were periods when Monticello could return but one letter for six. "I cannot stand upon Epistolary Etiquette," says the Quincy man with impatient merriment, "and though I have written two Letters yet unnoticed I must write a third." Whereupon he enters on another page smoking with metaphor ("Aristocracy, like Waterfowl, dives for Ages, and then rises with brighter Plumage") and vivacity ("Lord! Lord!" he cries at some quotation of Jefferson, "what can I do with so much Greek?"), and displays once more both the enormous appetite for knowledge and the lovely power of sly winking at The Mind ("Two things only did I learn" from Plato, and one was that "Sneezing is a cure for the Hickups") which alone can redeem accounts of a year's diet of books. His genius for mocking self-dramatization is of the kind owned by men who have sounded to the bottom of their being ("But . . . I have been often obliged to stop, and talk to myself like the Reverend, Alegorical, Hierogriphical and Apocaliptical Mr. John Bunyan, and say 'Sobrius esto John!' Be not carried away by sudden blasts of Wind, by unexpected flashes of Lightening, nor terrified by the sharpest Crashes of Thunder!' "), and behind every word he spoke was a quickness of feeling, an extreme capacity for love that betrayed itself repeatedly—as when he commented on a report that Jefferson was willing to live his life again:

> I have had a Father, and lost him. I have had a Mother and lost her. I have had a Wife and lost her. I have had Children and lost them. I have had honourable and worthy Friends and lost them—and instead of suffering these griefs again, I had rather go forward and meet my destiny.

Were there only this voice, this character, the project of bringing out the correspondence at hand would have been worthwhile, but of course there is more. There is a nearly heroic image of a mind burning itself through a forest of illusions, clearing tracts in its wastes, acknowledging mysteries hitherto unfaced. There is a record—when these letters are read with the *Diary*—of the growth of a political intelligence extraordinary in its determination to squeeze Truths of State out of individual experience, to generalize only where the heart is sure. (A political Antaeus, Adams took as the ground of all reflection the self; recognizing a deflecting sin of bitterness at his center, he worked a lifetime to read its meaning, and the fruit of his success, as glimpsed in these letters, is surely the only *poignant* philosophy of rank, reputation and honor yet framed by an American public man.) Moreover, there is even a representation of the mystery of great teaching. Given a correspondent abstract in feeling though superbly gifted in intellect and energy, Adams became a tutor in humanity, and at the end of this cor-

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respondence the example he unfailingly offered of a whole man's manner of speech begins to shake Jefferson's inward being—the latter is pressed on to utterances of fears and regrets that are, at the very close, as moving as those of his master.

But the triumph does belong, beyond all question, to the figure history calls the lesser of the two. Jealous, bitter, brilliant, learned, active; a man with a capacity for grief, a man of Johnsonian impulse eager to move on from grief to a statement of its uses, and then on still farther to mockery of its abuses; a man passionately uncertain in his religion, wholly aware of his wishfulness, contemptuous of it but too desperate in the attachments of his life to abandon it; a relisher of experience, a man totally open, rich in invective but touched with a noble gentleness of feeling, a self-dramatizer, an endlessly fertile wit; a man beyond positions, as it were, one who could not believe that an Opinion of his, however forcefully delivered, could be taken to represent him, because always (as he knew) life is deeper than any system he can devise for its expression; a leader doomed to be misunderstood, misrepresented, humiliated. . . . How he would wink and cry Lord! Lord! at such a soppy Ciceronian barrage! He would understand and value, though, praise of the kind implicit in Lawrence's famous words: the only riches, the great souls—and in point of *truth no other praise is relevant.* Let it be given him boldly, and let it be said, too, that in returning this soul to public view, scholarship, which may or may not know where to place it in the splendid historical edifice of unreality, has nevertheless served the ideal of American Character in an exemplary and exhilarating way.

Africa's Destroyed Civilization

THE LOST CITIES OF AFRICA. By Basil Davidson. Little, Brown & Co. 366 pp. $6.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

THIS is one of the season's more unfortunately named books. The title has that certain Rider Haggard, White Goddess of the Theosophical Cannibals ring to it that put me off and I opened it with a definite shiver of repugnant expectation. But in fact it is both a sound historical and archaeological work and very exciting reading. Don't let the title put you off.

When I was a boy I read W. E. B. DuBois and marveled over the vanished glories of African civilization with tears in my eyes. As an adolescent, possibly because I was an adolescent, I was one of the very few radical intellectuals, black or white, who sympathized with Marcus Garvey. Time went by and I accepted the verdict of my betters that DuBois had drawn a very long bow indeed, that he had romanticized the African past that had actually existed, and had invented whenever he didn't have enough information to romanticize. For a long time the memory of Garvey's debacle made the very word "Africa" almost a joke amongst Negroes, liberals, radicals and just plain Negrophiles. Everybody concentrated on the task at hand—the struggle for the rights of American Negroes. Then came Herskovitz and others like him, and all the immense literature of jazz and the questions of its African origins, and the widespread appreciation of Negro art amongst educated Negroes; the tide began to turn. But somehow it never turned far enough so that a lingering doubt didn't remain. Was the heritage of the African past as splendid as DuBois so long ago had portrayed it? Here now is the answer. The old man is vindicated—in abundant measure: in the words of an erstwhile political leader he has been "surpassed and overtaken."

The Lost Cities of Africa is the only book I know of which is a systematic, scientific and thoroughly up-to-date presentation of the history, prehistory, archaeology and prehistoric anthropology or human palaeontology of all of Africa, except for the Moorish-Arab Northwest corner. All the major centers of civilization are treated in considerable detail: Upper Egypt, Libya, the Kushites, Meroë; the Sudan, the great caravan empires and the cities of the Niger; Benin, Yoruba, the Kingdoms of the Gold and Ivory Coasts and the Congo; Zanzibar, the East Coast trading cities with their contacts with India and China; Ethiopia and Axum, the Christian empires of the highlands; Mapungubwe, Zimbabwe, whose mysterious ruins were the source of Rider Haggard's romances. The picture which emerges is of a complex of pre-literate civilizations only just beneath those of Mexico and Peru, and still growing vigorously when they were stricken by European and later Arab looting, conquest and slave hunting.

SINCE most of the material is archaeological and not literary, a history of Africa must perforce be a social and economic history rather than a political one. What we find is the story of a barbaric society with a high level of technical accomplishment, imposing art, widespread trade, and probably a greater security of life and a more widely diffused decent standard of living than could have been found in much of contemporary medieval Europe. Basil Davidson seldom misses the chance to point out the essential Negro-ness of all this. But that does not make him a partisan or special pleader. So many lies have been told on the other side that it is necessary to state the facts, clearly and forcibly. It isn't just that no Pharaoh of Egypt until the Greek Ptolemies could have been served in a Mississippi beanery—we are all aware of the dodge behind that blanket term "Hamitic"; it is that from the Sudan to

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The Storm Swallow

(From the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen)

The storm-swallow nests where the land fails.
I heard it myself from an ancient sailor.

She moistens her wings in the distant foam;
She dives through swells, and she never sinks.

She dives with the sea; she climbs with the sea;
She keeps silence in calm; she cries against storm.

It is a journey between flying and swimming,
As dreaming is between heaven and chaos.

Too heavy for air, too light for waves —
Ah, swallow, swallow — there we have an image!

Yes, and what's worse — in teachers' eyes
It's all set down as sailors' lies.

ROBERT BLY

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the Transvaal, from Benin to Zanzibar, Negro Africa produced, more or less contemporaneously with Western Europe, its own kind of civilization, with its own values, its own traditions and its own monuments.

By the time this civilization had become internationalized and rich in the great emporia of the East Coast, it was "inferior" to the Portuguese who destroyed it in only one thing—gunpowder. In other words, the story of Africa is the old, old story of a civilization ruined by a pure chance of technology. As they say, "it is idle to speculate" on what the history of the world would have been if Cortez and Pissaro and Albuquerque and all the rest had not had that little edge. What would the world have been like? It is arguable that, by now at least, it would have been a better place.

I know I am treading on dangerous ground, being as excited and enthusiastic about this book as I am. I have plenty of Negro friends who consider Africa none of their business, but I do wish I could get them all to read it. Here are the sources of one of the great culture streams, one of the major arteries, that have gone to make up our own American civilization. I know it is far away and dim. I am not one of those cranks who find Yoruba drum rhythms in Fats Waller. But it is a noble tradition, and it is the tradition of twelve per cent of our inhabitants.

Pioneers Beware

ALASKA, U.S.A. By Herb and Miriam Hilscher. Little, Brown and Co. 243 pp. $4.50.

Hector Chevigny

ALASKA became a state and suddenly it seems a promised land. The size of the immigration problem can be measured by the flood of inquiries now washing daily into its bureaus concerned with job placement, agriculture, mining and the like. The letters come from every section of the country and many foreign lands. Not a few call long-distance. And some do not wait to inquire, even into their own fitness, but simply start driving the Alcan Highway northward. How sad can be the consequences was seen in the case of the thirty-nine Michigan families who, calling themselves the Fifty-Niners, set out in a body in search of an existence free of assembly lines and wound up disillusioned and nearly all broke.*

Alaskans who want their state to have a good start and not acquire a bad name are gravely concerned. Two, Herb and Miriam Hilscher, are so concerned they wrote *Alaska, U.S.A.* It is mostly a compendium of information on living and working in Alaska with frank reference to the hazards, pitfalls and drawbacks. The Hilschers know their state and love it. Mr. Hilscher was on the commission that drew up the new constitution.

As if in answer to inquiries, the field of mining is described and discussed, as are agriculture, livestock raising, oil and —Alaska's biggest industry—defense. We learn that there is no demand for unskilled labor in any field—only the experienced can expect to gain footholds. No one should come without capital, but such professionals as teachers, doctors and nurses can write their own terms. Homesteading comes in for special scrutiny, being the subject most invested with romantic notions. We are told exactly how to go about homesteading; told also to expect a decade or two of hard work and to spend an appalling lot of money. Homesteader communities tend to be small and isolated. Alaska has only 5,000 miles of roads (compare Texas' 196,000 miles). One chapter given entirely to traveling the Alcan Highway leaves the reader with no inclination to try it in a jalopy. The Hilschers nevertheless expect their state to support a million people (four times the present population) in twenty years.

As background for the present scene, the authors furnish a good summary of the region's history and add a feature that should fascinate political scientists —some of the inside story of the fight for statehood, which took forty-three years. They do not call it a revolution but that is what it was, by definition, the way they tell it, and they name names. The ordinary citizen sought freedom from tyranny, the tyranny of special corporate privilege which inhibited development of the country. At one time the corporations even succeeded in curtailing the right to homestead. If the Russian period be counted in, Alaska lived under corporation rule for 160 years, or from 1799. Even the Eskimos went to the polls when the chance finally came, and the vote for statehood was five to one. Their new state's constitution, say the Hilschers, is among the most liberal in the nation.

*See "Alaska's '59ers" by O'Carroll Colvin, *The Nation*, September 26.

HECTOR CHEVIGNY is author of two books on Alaska's Russian period, Lord of Alaska *and* Lost Empire. *He was speaker at the observance this year in Anchorage of Alaska Day, the anniversary of Russia's transfer of the territory to the U.S. in 1867.*

TELEVISION'S RIGGED HONESTY

Anne W. Langman

TELEVISION is now against sin—where it shows. Beginning December 15, CBS producers must live under a memorandum from the top brass which legislates honesty. The Integrity Rules are the most remarkable and obvious red herring yet employed in television's effort to restore itself to the trusting family bosom. If obeyed (and surely no producer will ignore the sinister implication of ". . . a new office to be created within CBS to implement this memorandum") these little honesties, continually repeated on the air, may quiet uneasiness over larger deceits.

"All programs, no matter what their type, must have integrity and respect for the viewer," the rules say. "Games and contests . . . are to be conducted in all respects in precisely the manner in which they purport to be conducted" (however, games involving high stakes "will not be permitted," for they have already proved their irresistible venality). Producers must take the viewer into their confidence, tell him all about rehearsals, preparation for the program, how they chose contestants from the studio audience. "That's artificial applause . . . canned laughter," your honest announcer will whisper, under the rules. "That was no interview . . . that was delimited and delineated in advance and we want you to know it."

The rules continue: "The use of the phrase 'live on tape' must not be used." Having prohibited this puzzler, CBS introduces another: "Where an interview program is on film or tape and has been edited and condensed, it shall be so identified on the air (opening and closing) and in written publicity as follows: 'This program is spontaneous and unrehearsed but has been condensed and edited by CBS News.'"

It is a curious paradox that the news and public affairs programs are to bear the brunt of the CBS Rules, although

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they are exactly the ones whose integrity has seldom been questioned. It is as though a town were to open an anti-vice campaign by raiding all the parish houses—which is what you might expect if the town fathers wanted to create a maximum of bustle with a minimum of scandal.

But as a result, these generally excellent programs — the very ones that CBS has been depending on to justify its public franchise — may become so cluttered with announcements of method that they lose their original pace and point. Film, tape and live parts of the program must be identified; re-creation of an event is to be avoided, but if used must be disclosed. The place where the film is rolling suddenly becomes a major concern: "Reporting that the viewer is being taken to a given locality is forbidden unless in fact a switch is made to that locality at the time of the broadcast."

ALL this solicitude for mechanical honesty presumably puts into effect a dictum from the boss, CBS President Frank Stanton, who has stated many times in the last few weeks, "We propose to remove all possibility for public deception wherever it may occur." These were the same weeks when he was trying to fire CBS-TV President Louis Cowan without actually saying so. An angry exchange of letters revealed that Stanton was not playing under his own honesty rules and had urged Cowan to join him in his exemption. "You have insisted that any public statement [of resignation] place primary responsibility upon my health," Cowan wrote him. "I have insisted on greater accuracy; my health is now excellent. In consequence, we have been unable to write a joint statement."

Heads that must roll, rules that must be obeyed, brave words that are spoken —all these maneuvers that are calculated to create, once again, a trustworthy image for television—do not touch the heart of the matter, but they do manage to distract attention from the big issue. "We are determined," Stanton says, "to make sure that our programs are exactly what they purport to be." So what? Is it enough that viewers know whether they are looking at a tape or film, spontaneous or rehearsed Western? Shall we give ABC a gold star for firing a disk jockey, rely on the police state organized at NBC to make distinguished television, believe Frank Stanton when he says, "There is not a single problem we face . . . that does not give us a heaven-sent opportunity for improving television and thus giving it another mighty shove forward toward its inherent . . . greatness"?

To find out what the networks ultimately intend, ask the man who owns one. During these critical weeks, the men at the top — Chairman of the Board William Paley at CBS and General Sarnoff at NBC — have remained silent, thus endorsing the rigged honesty of their lieutenants.

Television is badly frightened. In a panic — bordering on hysteria — it is patching as fast as it can where it shows the most. But little honesties around the house do not penetrate to the foundations where the larger deceit is hidden, or impinge upon the basic morality of television which, according to law, should operate in the public interest — and doesn't. There seems to be no intention to change fundamentals, to serve the viewers' intelligence instead of the owners' bank account. The current reforms, with insouciant disregard of basic integrity of purpose, use honesty as a means, not an end.

LETTER from PARIS

Oreste F. Pucciani

THE MOST significant single event of the French theatre this fall has been the return of Jean-Paul Sartre whose controversial *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* is enjoying great success at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance*. There is an astonishing myth in Paris to the effect that Sartre is a finished man. It is even more astonishing when one considers that Sartre is only fifty-four years old and is the figure of greatest stature in French letters since Valéry, Gide or Proust. But he is also the most disquieting. One cannot help thinking that it is his ability to be disquieting, more than anything else, which makes his detractors eager to write his epitaph.

It is abhorrent to read the vituperations of small critics who, after an ignorant jab at Sartre, run for the cover of their obscurity. "Me, paying pig that I am, I want my money's worth. This is for the snobs. I don't go to the theatre to cudgel my brains," writes Jean-Jacques Gautier of *Les Séquestrés* in the *Figaro*. Lofty condescension was the tone of J.-R. Huguenin in *Arts* a week before the play was performed: "Let us bear no grudges. With *Les Séquestrés d'Altona* [Sartre] will try his luck again in the theatre, will find his *Sunset Boulevard*. Will he manage to get his public back? Or should he take the precaution of enrolling at once in the Union of forgotten celebrities? We shall know this week." Some ten weeks later we know that Sartre managed very well and with no less a figure than François Mauriac to come to his defense.

Like all of Sartre's plays, *Les Séquestrés* deals with a social and historical problem of our own time. In this instance the problem is national and individual guilt in reconstructed Germany. One may perhaps see the genesis of the play in two recent statements made by its author. After a recent trip to Germany, Sartre said: "The most difficult problem facing the German people today is to recover from their feelings of guilt." Earlier, he had declared: "I do not believe in the guilt of nations. I believe in miasmas and confusion." *Les Séquestrés* is a study in miasma out of which an ambiguous clarification arises. The German setting is, of course, intended to suggest the further question: What happens to people when an entire nation commits crime? A tenuous thread of complicity binds all of us to the sins and errors of our community. What happens when that community murders six million Jews? Behind the individual stands all of history. Behind Hitler stands Luther and "Luther drove us mad with pride," says one of the characters in the play. The psychological truth which emerges from *Les Séquestrés* is the viciousness and futility of the emotion of guilt which in essence reveals itself to be frustrated pride. The complicity of the German people with Hitler is often defended on the basis of impotence. But Sartre raises the troublesome question: Is not impotence itself a matter of human choice? If it should be, then we have found at a single stroke both the malady and the cure.

The binding, poetic theme of the play is the "sequestration" of the title. I take this to be Sartre's way of saying that vice itself is nothing more than a human choice of failure. As in *No Exit*, it is this choice which encloses the five characters of the play in a circle of madness from which there is no escape. Fourteen years after the German defeat, in the little town of Altona near Ham-

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burg, history has caught up with the von Gerlach family. Since 1946 Frantz, the eldest son, has locked himself in his room and will admit only his sister Léni who loves him incestuously. The reason for Frantz's seclusion is guilt. As an officer in the German Army he had committed torture. In his solitude he proclaims his innocence to a mythical people of crabs and, of course, to Léni. The latter encourages Frantz in his madness. Morally she has sequestered herself with him, that being the climate her physical love for her brother requires. Like Racine, Sartre has used, as an intelligible symbol of vice, one of our greatest social taboos. But the origin of both Léni's and Frantz's madness must be sought in the oppressive world of their father, old von Gerlach, who sold to Goebbels a piece of family property on which a concentration camp was constructed. Here young Frantz saw the first Jewish prisoners. One, whom he helped to escape, was handed over to the Nazis by his father.

This powerful old industrialist, reminiscent of Krupp in Germany today, is the epitome of a civilization and an era. The unrelenting spirit of seriousness which controls him is demonstrated at the beginning of the play in the oath he extracts from his younger son, Werner. Condemned to die of cancer in six months, he makes Werner swear that he will succeed him as head of the family business and that he will live his entire life in the ugly house of his ancestors. Werner swears because he is his father's son. By paternal decree Werner is weak while Frantz is strong. Werner believes it. That is his choice. Because of it, he too is integrated into the spiritual incest of his family.

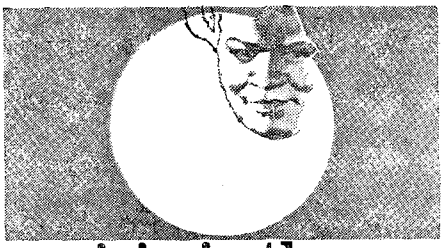
WERNER's wife, Johanna, however, is an outsider and the only relatively free agent in this drama of the doom of conscience. She consequently decides to fight for her own and her husband's freedom. Thus she comes to accept a bargain which her father-in-law proposes: she will go to see Frantz in his room, using the secret signal which the old man has discovered by listening downstairs as Léni raps at her brother's door. If Johanna succeeds in making Frantz leave his room, Werner will be released from his oath. One wonders why von Gerlach is so eager to see Frantz again. We understand that he loves him, but we do not immediately understand the meaning of his love. Presently it becomes clear. He needs Frantz so that he will not die alone.

Johanna succeeds. The outcome of the play now hinges on an astounding *folie à deux* which develops between Frantz and Johanna. As Johanna moves into the orbit of Frantz's unauthentic madness, Frantz slowly moves into the world of human relationships and warmth. Gradually we learn that even Johanna is tainted by a choice of failure. She has married Werner more because she has failed in her career as an actress than because of love. When Frantz finally consents to leave his room, we are tempted to think that love has triumphed. It has not. For Sartre, love is not a meaning, but a possibility of meaning. "Sequestration" does not come so easily to an end. When Frantz meets his father again, they both discover that a series of free choices has created doom. The *folie à deux* is pursued in another key. It will not be over until Frantz and his father take Léni's Porsche and re-enact a nearly fatal accident which occurred many years before. This time they do not intend to escape. Frantz's father goes to get the car while Frantz says goodbye to Johanna and Léni. He leaves them a gift: a tape-recorder which contains one of the many speeches proclaiming his innocence to the "crabs" of his seclusion and to a world from which he had withdrawn. The lights of the Porsche flash on the terrace. His father is ready. Léni knows, though Johanna does not, that her father and brother intend to commit suicide together. After all, Léni understands incest. "It is my way of respecting the family," she says. Both her father and brother are dead before Johanna comprehends. Slowly Léni mounts the stairs to her brother's room. Her last words are: "A *séquestrée* is needed up there."

We began by asking what happens to a people when an entire nation commits crime. For Sartre the answer lies, as it always does, in the thesis of human freedom. Freedom is a condition, not an entity. It is this condition which at the close of the play points the way out of the vicious circle of guilt. Johanna and Werner can choose to be free if they so decide or they can, if they so decide, become two more *séquestrés* of Altona. So can the entire German nation. This is the bleak optimism of Sartre's philosophy.

As the curtain falls, Johanna switches on the tape-recorder. We hear the crazed, fanatical voice of Frantz telling the "crabs" that he was innocent. But what are we to say of the innocence of a man who has in fact committed torture? *"J'ai été! J'ai été!"* are Frantz's final words. They are taken from Sartre's major philosophical work, *L'Etre et la néant*. They mean that for the individual, as well as for nations, all choices of freedom or failure must be made this side of death.

"BEST PLAY"—N.Y. Drama Critics' Award



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ART

Maurice Grosser

TWENTY-FIVE new landscapes by Leonid are on view at Durlacher until Christmas—principally scenes from the rice fields of Asia and the clam flats of New England. The paint is dry and a little powdery, the colors pale and nacreous, the texture matte. The whole effect is gouache-like and luminous. The New England pictures follow Leonid's more familiar pattern of great horizontal stretches of sky and beach. More unusual for him are his Tuscany farm lands, and his Manila rice fields with their severe geometrical perspective and native laborers in angular costumes. The finest are two vertical zigzag compositions painted as if seen from somewhat above—the one a floating tangle of Bangkok market rafts, the other a string of Philippine fishermen lined up on a tidal flat casting their circular hand nets—as easy, charming and exotic as a *chinoiserie* by Pillement, though certainly much more serious as painting.

Marshes and beaches are Leonid's characteristic subject. For him the edges of the sea are neither vacation land nor stage. He sees them rather as a vast and aqueous farm, intensely cultivated, each of whose products—the oyster, the mussel, the seaweed used for fertilizer—serves him in turn as the theme for a series of pictures whose elements are the weather, tides, geography, people and particular methods of cultivation, and whose basic subject matter could be described in the language of science as the riparian ecology of man.

NO ONE is as skillful as Leonid in aerial perspective—in making things retreat into the distance by painting the intervening air; his landscapes extend miles into the canvas. And no one knows as well as he how to seize the color of light and sky peculiar to each place. But despite their air of specific accuracy, the pictures are not, as in Impressionist painting, views of particular places taken, like a photograph, from a particular spot. They are generalizations, not painted from nature, but done in the studio from memory. This non-Impressionist approach, like that of any classical landscape painter of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, is the one characteristic Leonid holds in common with that highly diversified band, the Neo-Romantics, of which he is an important member.

The Neo-Romantic painters first appeared in Paris in 1926 as a group exposition at the Galerie Drouet. The band consisted of Christian Bérard, the Dutchman Christians Tonny, the Russians Pavel Tchelitchev, Leonid and his brother, Eugène Berman, and for a short time, Pierre Charbonier and Therèse Debains. The name Neo-Romantic was invented by the critic Waldemar George to describe the poetic and introspective quality of their work. The styles and subject matters of no two were alike; all that united them was their youth and talent and a common revolt against the academic Impressionism which in 1926 held something of the dominating place in art instruction and official expositions that academic modernism holds today.

Impressionism was essentially a form of realism. The painter painted on the spot without sketches of preparation, transcribing directly on the canvas the subject before him. The painters were for the most part upper- and middle-class people and the subject they painted most readily was the upper- and middle-class world—the flowers from its gardens, its pretty girls and well-dressed women, its handsome houses and the countryside around them—all the prosperous appurtenances of a comfortable way of life. This subject they exploited so well and so thoroughly that no subsequent painter has wished or dared to use it. The absence of rich or upper-class subject matter has become one of the most striking characteristics of the painting of our own time.

In revolt against Impressionism, the Neo-Romantics painted principally in the studio and carefully avoided in their subject matter any reference to the prosperous externals of middle-class life. Their pictures were for the most part dark, influenced in color and tone by the blue period Picassos. Their *mot d'ordre,* invented by Cocteau, was "*mystère*" which he demanded as the essential ingredient of a work of art. *Mystère* was used to mean the work's poetic content, the double take that gives an extra emotional dimension, a thread leading from the particular to the general, a small window which looks out on the universe. Under this banner, Bérard painted large uncharacterized portrait heads which somehow managed in their intense intimacy to express a tenderness for all humanity. Tchelitchev, through his still lifes of oversized eggs and his Siamese-twinlike human bodies and doubled faces, conveyed a glimpse of the restless sensuality underlying all nature. Berman's night scenes of quay-side stock piles gave a concrete image of loneliness, Tonny's drawings—Neo-Romantic only in that they were imaginative and in no way abstract or Impressionist—of hordes and battles of insect creatures, showed him to be a sort of modern Bosch, nearest of all the group to the Surréalists but without Surréalism's essential malice. Leonid himself painted very much as today—boats and marines in muted colors, the compositions corrected in the studio according to the pre-Impressionist rules of art.

FROM the mid-twenties until the war, Neo-Romanticism and its bitter rival Surréalism were the only schools of painting to oppose the triumphant progress of abstraction. Both were schools of poetic painting, and for the most part were representational. Apart from that, the two movements were different in every way. Neo-Romanticism was politically neutral and its subject matter was a form of personal poetry addressed to upper-class taste. Surréalism, on the other hand, was sharply revolutionary in politics with an impersonal subject matter derived from advanced psychological theory and subversive in intent. Surréalism, though esesntially a literary and not a painting movement, was the stronger. It was better organized and its doctrine of subversion had wider popular appeal than Neo-Romanticism's rather nebulous humanism. Its working methods of automatic association were adopted by many painters not connected with the movement, and the images it invented had enormous success in commercial art. Dali, its principal painter (popularly considered a Surréalist long after he had been officially excommunicated from the movement) attempted, as well as advertising, the conquest of the stage. But his ballet designs and costumes, though striking, were too eccentric to establish an acceptable style. On the other hand, the stage designs of Bérard, Tchelitchev and Berman were the finest of our time. Bérard was also responsible for much of the Romantic revival in interior decorations so characteristic of the thirties, and his drawings and ideas for costume design not only molded the taste of his time but later formed the basis for the great success of Dior.

As a movement in painting, Neo-Romanticism was less successful. It attracted a few new adherents, and like so much work based on youthful lyricism, it lost all too quickly its original tension and purity. Bérard who was in France its leader was never able to

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achieve the position in French painting his great talent and intelligence seemed to promise. Perhaps because of indolence, perhaps because his energies were dissipated by opium and high society, he produced many fine beginnings but disappointingly few works finished and important enough to sustain his reputation. Tchelitchev was a magnificent draftsman, forceful, imaginative and incredibly able. None the less, all but his earliest work, which is in rich grays and blacks only, suffers apparently from a faulty color sense. And many of the later works, in addition to their garishness, have an unquiet and unfortunate elaboration, all too obviously due to Surréalist influence. Eugène Berman, less forceful as a draftsman perhaps, but a much richer painter, shows also in much of his later work a taste for over-elaboration. This however is probably less due to Surréalist influence than to a restless diligence of mind.

Of all these painters Leonid is the only one who has never touched the theatre. He is also almost the only one who has not been influenced in some way by Surréalism. He is a man of great intellectual distinction who has never been interested in anything but his own painting. And it is undoubtedly due to this singleness of purpose that one finds in the present show the same dazzling light and straightforward poetry that have always rendered his pictures so enchanting. With the addition that now, in his maturity and with complete mastery of all his means, this is probably his finest exhibition.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I WAS entertained by Anouilh's *The Fighting Cock* when I saw it in Paris, but thought it rather too locally French for popular consumption in New York. As I said then in *The Nation* (June 20), it was clever and on the whole a good evening, though it seemed disjointed.

My reaction on seeing the Broadway production (ANTA Theatre) is peculiar. Though my mind or *ear* convinced me that it was a play superior to anything else presented here this season—except *Heartbreak House*—I took little pleasure in it as a spectator. The production — highly praised even by those reviewers who were cool to it as a play—is bad. This surprised me because its director Peter Brook is perhaps the most talented of the regularly functioning English directors (Tyrone Guthrie's work is rarely to be seen in London) and did a superb job with Anouilh's *Ring Around the Moon* in London some years ago.

The Fighting Cock is Anouilh's *apologia pro vita sua.* It is an unusual apology in that Anouilh kids and admonishes himself shrewdly even more than he defends himself. The General who is "the fighting cock" of the title—he was a "scatterbrain" in French—is a romantic, a roaring individualist, an idealist and an ass. He is explosive in denunciation of everything now happening in France (and to a Frenchman that is tantamount to saying the world). He has no faith in progress, in equalitarianism, in science as a key to wisdom. "Man has never changed," he says, "and he never will change despite what the liberal journals say. He may blow up our planet or reorganize it as he wishes, the real problems will remain as they were. One is handsome or ugly, intelligent or stupid, one has 'it' or one hasn't."

The General believes in true love, in fidelity, in honor, in honest work; his conduct is a long, rude protest against everything that sullies his vision of these virtues. His bitterness, he explains, is not hate, but pain. What he does not see, but what Anouilh in his dialogue with himself confesses for him, is that he has no sense of reality, that his inflexibility bores his wife, that he has little understanding of his children, that he is out of touch with everything— including the army, the Church and the conservative institutions of his day.

All this is conveyed with considerable humor of an acrid sort and with occasional moments of tenderness. Anouilh feels, as T. S. Eliot once wrote, that "there is no such thing as a lost cause. . . . We fight for lost causes so that our defeat and dismay may be the preface to our successor's victory . . . ; we fight to keep something alive rather than in the expectation that anything will triumph."

Politically speaking, Anouilh is an anarchist of the Right, which is hardly any kind of politics. His dogged romanticism is breached. His misgivings and hurt create cynicism, sentimentality, laughter and cunning. Most French intellectuals hold him in contempt; he is none the less one of the ablest dramatists alive.

The type represented by the General is almost non-existent in our country. Our reactionaries believe in exactly the

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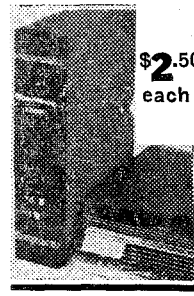
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kind of mechanical progress the General despises. The little "underground" movement he tries vainly to form to rid the world of its "maggots" does not resemble any of the subversive leagues we know. The absurdity of the French breed Anouilh depicts is almost charming in its parochialism. I do not believe our audience can identify itself (even in opposition) with this aspect of the play.

The worst of *The Fighting Cock* is that its production has been meaninglessly stylized. The cast—including such a persuasive actor as Rex Harrison—is made to disport itself with little relation to any concrete reality, so that the actors are prevented from striking a recognizable chord even in terms of caricature. There is shouting and some cute stage business, but no atmosphere or idea is established. It is as if a group of separate masks were strung on a cord and we had only the vaguest notion how or why they all came to be hanging there.

Anouilh isn't a realistic playwright, but one can still make a coherent whole out of his world with its own truth and its own communicative values. Most of the actors in this production are English, but they do not seem English and they are certainly not convincing as Frenchmen. They remain actors—impelled by the whim of a willful director who did not see the play as something to be said but as a series of scenes that were to be displayed as tricks. Very few of them come off, so that this play of quality ends as more or less a dud.

I HAVE no real appetite for theatrical parody; I was unable fully to enjoy so famous and admirably produced a piece as *The Boy Friend*. Still, *Little Mary Sunshine* (book, music, lyrics by Rick Besoyan), a take-off on American musicals vintage 1900-1910 (Orpheum Theatre), struck me as very pleasant for its first hour. Its spirit is amateur, but it is done with a high degree of competence in the direction of its cast—Eileen Brennan as Mary is especially effective—in the choice of types, the musical delivery of the ensemble, the fresh voices. As a production, *Little Mary Sunshine* is one of the best I have seen off Broadway for a long time.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

ONE OF THE most disturbing events of the present season took place at Carnegie Hall recently under the direction of Margaret Hillis. It was the world première of a full-evening Christmas oratorio entitled *For the Time Being*, with a text by W. H. Auden, and music by a young composer named Marvin David Levy, who was given a $3,000 commission by Miss Hillis to compose the score. The performance involved the Collegiate Chorale; the Symphony of the Air; a solo panel of some of the finest voices in the operatic world (those of Lucine Amara, Maureen Forrester, Reri Grist, Robert Rounseville, Martial Singher, and Ezio Flagello); and actor Claude Rains, as narrator. Production costs for the evening came to $30,000. The oratorio turned out to be a sterile giant.

From the quality of pre-concert rumors and publicity, it early became evident that something extraordinary was brewing. The composer, who is still in his middle-twenties, had worked himself into a gastric ulcer, which was not surprising, considering the burden of responsibility which rested upon his relatively untried shoulders. But the actual professional dimensions of the enterprise were not fully revealed until the evening of the concert. Arriving at Carnegie Hall, one saw that a vocal score of *For the Time Being* had already been printed and was on sale in the lobby. This represented an act of daring so rare among music publishers that more than a few eyebrows coasted right up to the tops of heads. When, inside the hall, you opened the program, there was a little slip of paper announcing that Everest Records was going to record the entire performance, and requesting the audience to be quiet. Nothing had been neglected to give the oratorio a send-off befitting a work of major significance. By virtue of Everest's efficiency, the record will probably be on sale by the time this column is in print. And that, too, is remarkable, for months usually elapse between recording and merchandising.

What of the music that occasioned this extraordinary round of professional activity? It was exactly what anyone who had heard some of the composer's previous work, who had taken into consideration his youth, his demonstrated proclivity for facile composition, and the size of the project, might have predicted—a mild, "competent," no-idiom score of the sort I have deplored here on other occasions. There were "happy" sections, which were not convincingly happy, and "tragic" sections which were not tragic. The orchestration was all right; the harmonies progressed properly; there was a conventional kind of melodic contouring which unfortunately passes with some people and critics for melody itself. But there was no genuine life in the music, no real expression of mind or viewpoint, no vision.

The composer does not bear primary responsibility for the aesthetic debacle this $30,000 evening turned out to be. What twenty-seven-year-old would not leap at the chance to write a work for such magniloquent forces; to be published, recorded, publicized, feted and financially supported while he worked? (Even in these years of prosperity, $3,000 looks to most American composers about the way $10,000 would to any other American professional.) Some, with a different sort of courage, or a more mature and self-demanding attitude toward the act of composing, would have done the job differently. But I cannot think of one composer in that age group who is capable of writing a significant Christmas oratorio of such dimensions.

It seems to me that Miss Hillis was the one who erred in the commissioning of this score; that she made a miscalculation of a sort that is too prevalent these days, and which became noticeable in this case only because of the extravagance of her generosity. Everyone seems to be searching for a Mozart, a talent who will spring full-fledged right out of the cradle with a damp sheaf of masterpieces in his hand. Prize-giving organizations, universities, private donors, all find the idea of discovering youthful genius so seductive that they throw most of their weight into the attempt. But in the twentieth century there are not going to be any Mozarts. Music is not as simple to write as it was two hundred years ago, and those individuals and institutions that wish to nurture the art would do well to tailor their gifts and requests to the abilities of the recipient.

The artist, since he is performing uneconomic labor, needs to be supported by his society at every stage of his career. But a slow development in depth is preferable to a hot-rod beginning and subsequent decay or neglect. In the end, it would have been of far greater value to the composer and to the culture at large if Miss Hillis had requisitioned two small cantatas for her $3,000, and stipulated that the composer should work slowly, self-critically and with an eye to discovering his own uniqueness, if any there be. It does no good to encourage the young to prattle along year after year. Even the huge performing mechanisms of modern concert life cannot disguise a musical vacuum.

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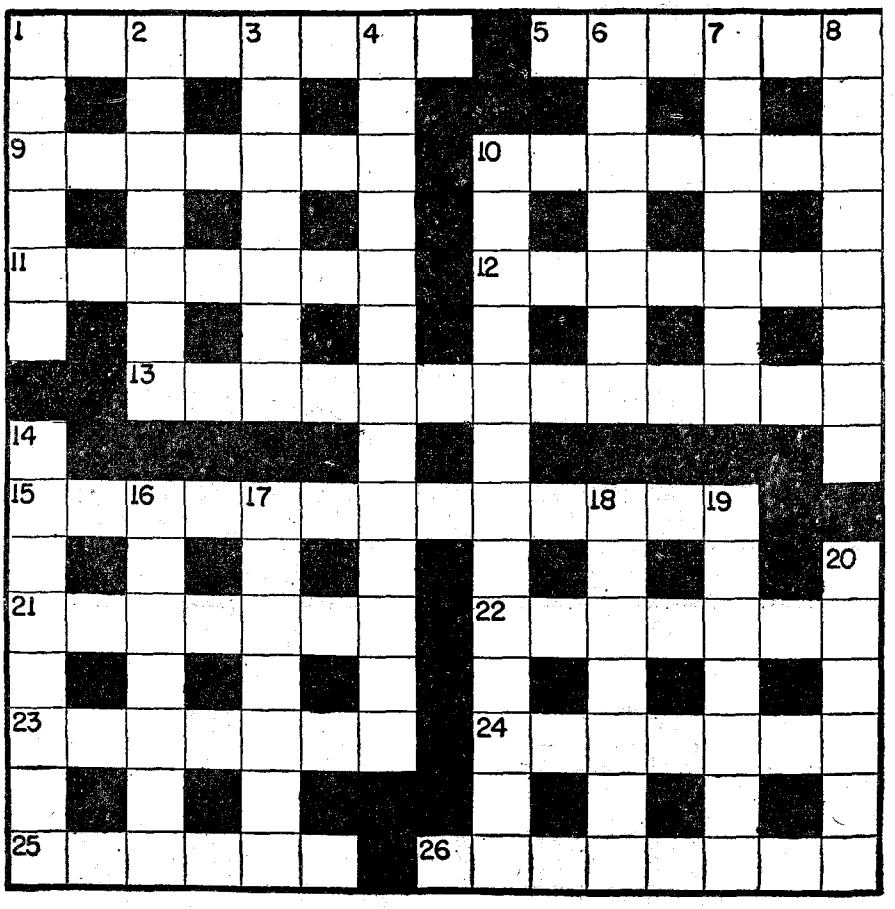
Crossword Puzzle No. 847

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Certainly not a false note brought in. (4, 4)
5 Drive forward at full gear for the race. (6)
9 Equal to a goddess almost, but newly arrived. (7)
10 Quiet! Go back, and then go ahead! (7)
11 Shingle, but not from native stock. (7)
12 They might work for passage. (7)
13 One might make a good start by mothering Kate. (6, 3, 4)
15 With feeling of flattening out around the Sheriff's men? (13)
21 Seeing it here today, you'll find it in addition. (7)
22 Equal representation. (7)
23 Stretch and cut off an enclosure. (7)
24 Run for the boss! (7)
25 Doesn't seem a very happy belief! (6)
26 Stys, perhaps. Styes, certainly. (8)

DOWN:

1 What might be turned on Rover, perhaps, causes some motion. (6)
2 Just possibly grand! (7)
3 Direct descent from the queen? (7)
4 Butt from the gag files? (8, 5)
6 A number in good voice still act afraid. (7)
7 What Walt heard singing. (7)
8 What the Japanese do in their equivalent of cellars, in remembrance. (8)
10 Friends, perhaps, should be cultivated here. (6, 7)
14 Grave statements, no doubt. (8)
16. Straightened out people indeed, when wrong! (7)
17 One turns sour, given such duty. (7)
18 How one shuts up when I'm bringing up the serious fluid! (7)
19 More like Ethan Allen's mountain. (7)
20 Has confidence in what are sometimes busted. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 846

ACROSS: 1 Tetrameter; 6 Scab; 10 Orpheus; 11 Federal; 12 and 18 Painstaking; 13 Aggrandize; 15 Ragings; 16 Scallop; 17 Nestled; 20 Tremolo; 22 Pharmacist; 23 Pelf; 25 Reigned; 26 Imitate; 27 Sage; 28 Astringent. DOWN: 1 Troop transports; 2 Topping; 3 Ages; 4 Ensigns; 5 Efforts; 7 Cordial; 8 Bullet-proof vest; 9 Edentates; 14 Inclement; 19 Decides; 20 Tastier; 21 Operate; 24 Finn.

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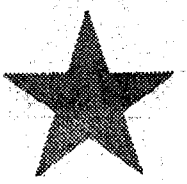

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